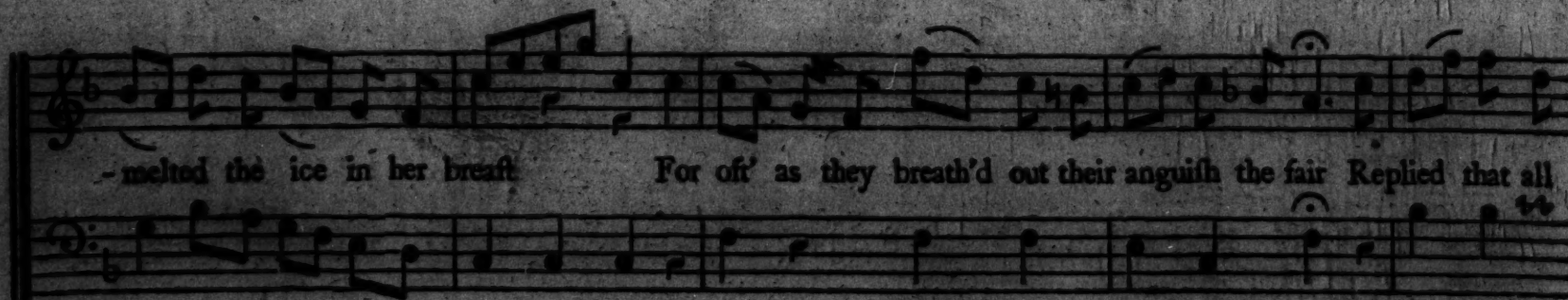
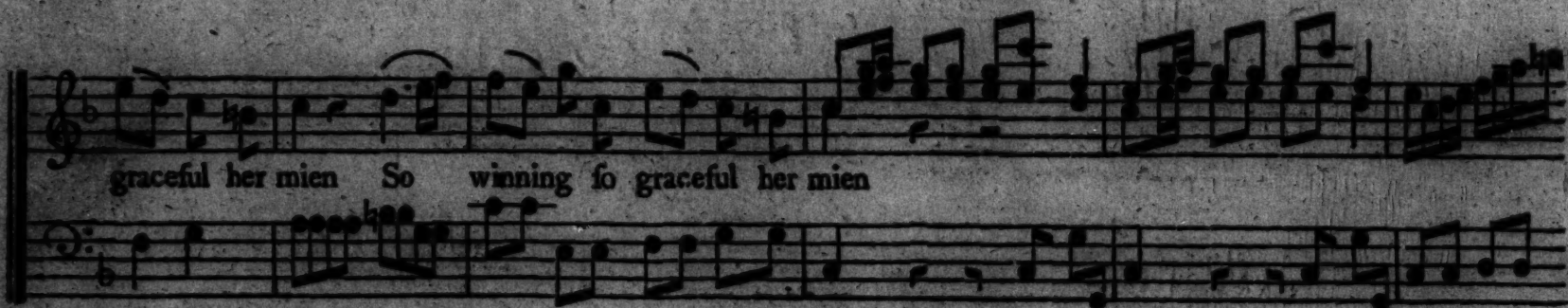
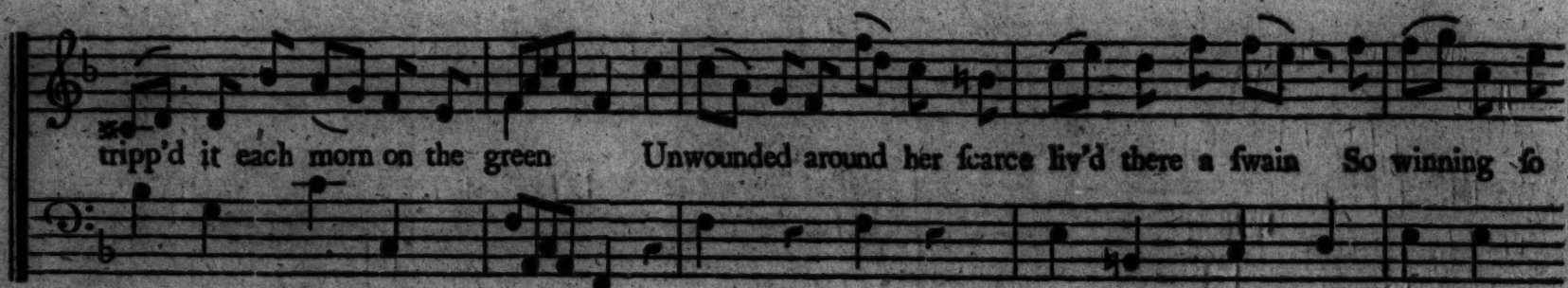
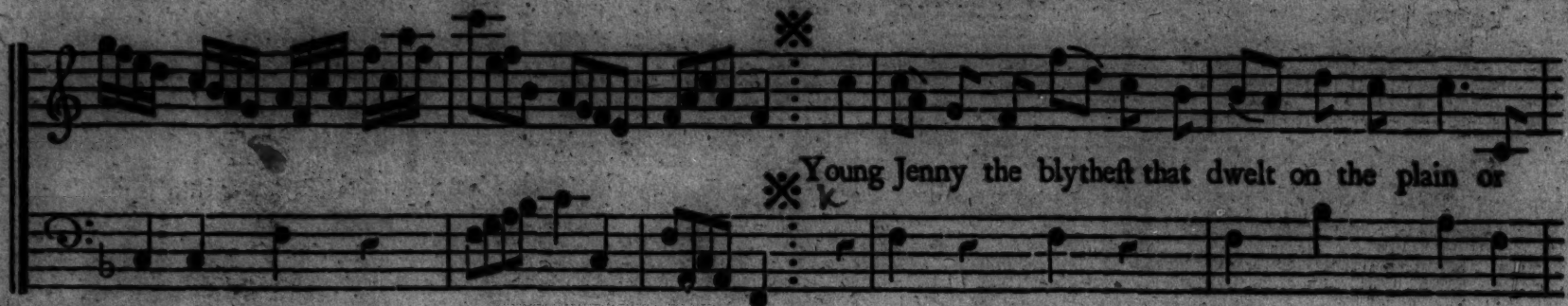


THE JEST.

(C1770) N.B.W.C.

ALLEGRO





II.

Young Jockey, a youth that could die and adore
In language averse to his heart,
Who'd prove false and inconstant as oft' as he swore,
So perfectly skill'd in his art!
With soft protestations approach'd the coy maid,
And sighing his passion express'd.
But she, yet unmov'd by aught that he said,
Replied that all love was a Jest.

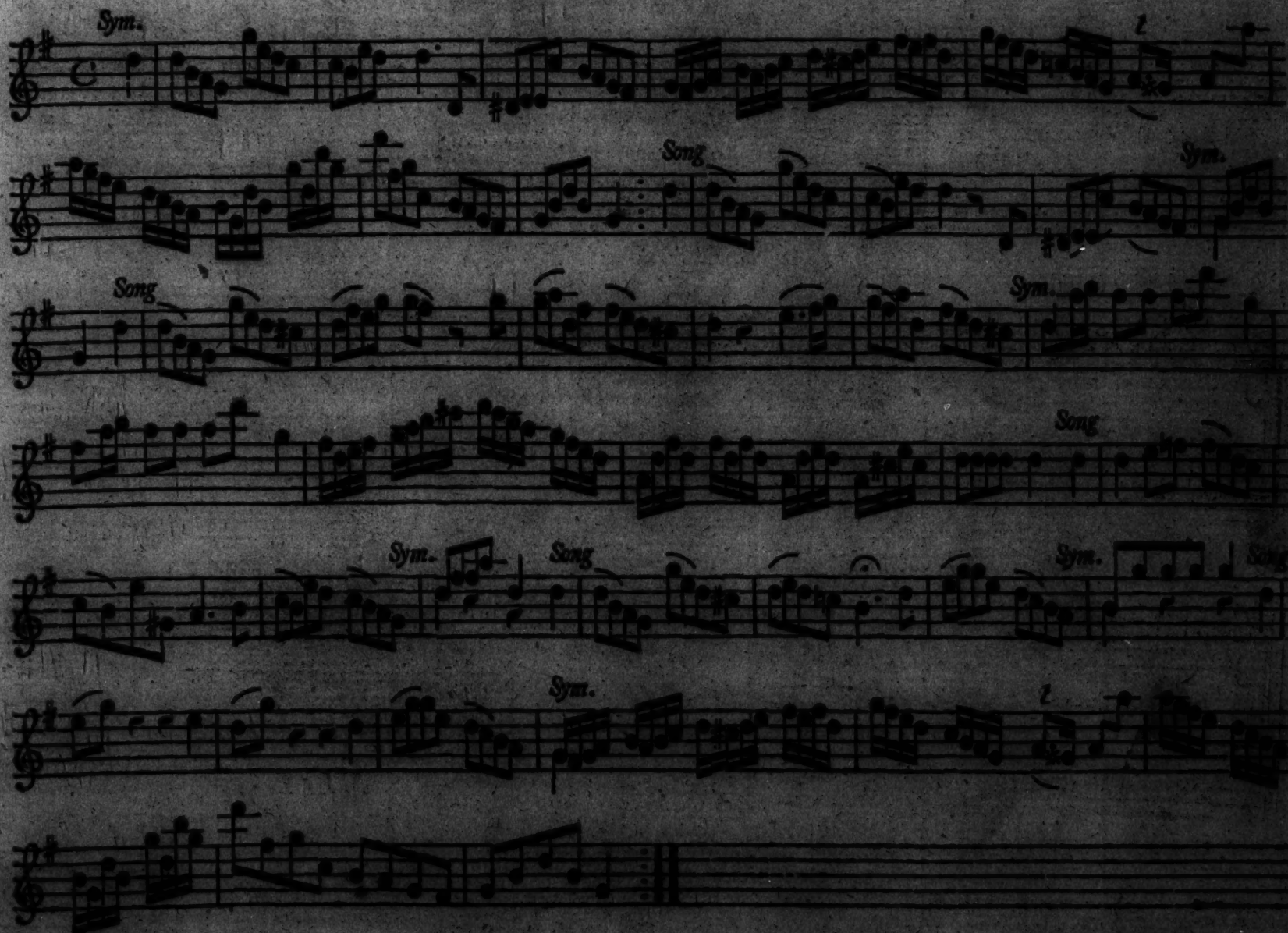
III.

Dear Jenny, return'd he, my vows are sincere,
Nay read but the flames in my eyes;
The arrows of Cupid are strangely severe,
Then do not his godhead despise.
He told her besides at her feet he would die,
With all that his art could suggest;
At which the young shepherdes, mov'd with a sigh,
Cries, Jockey, but do you not Jest?

IV.

Quite conquer'd at last, she could triumph no more,
But frankly resign'd to the swain,
Not doubting her lover would always adore
The charms he had labour'd to gain.
Severe were the arrows of Cupid, too true,
She now felt the wound in her breast;
Then forth from the damsel the run-away flew,
With---I' faith, I but meant it in Jest.

For the GERMAN-FLUTE or GUITAR.



London, printed and sold by H. FOUGT, at the Lyre and Owl, in St. Martin's Lane, near Long-Acre. Price Two-Pence.

* * * The Choicest BALLADS, at a PENNY a-piece, or EIGHTEEN for a SHILLING.

